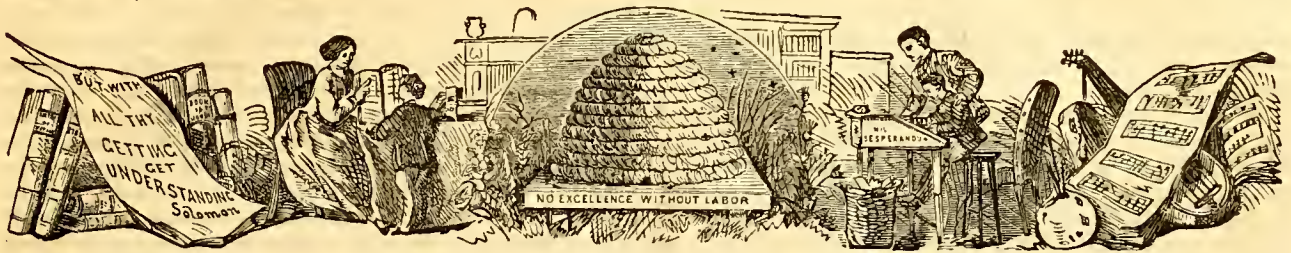


Holiness to the Lord!

# The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 5.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

NO. 12.

## THE AGOUTI.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

WE have here a picture, to-day, of two very pretty little animals, that are somewhat like our well known domestic pet the guinea pig, yet in some of their habits they so much resemble the hare and rabbit that the name of the South American rabbit, has occasionally been given them, as that continent is their home, throughout which they are found in great numbers. The name of this little creature is the Agouti.

You will notice one strange thing about these animals, they have no tails, or if they have, they are so short that they are entirely covered by the hair of their bodies. They are very hungry animals, and will eat anything and everything that comes in their way; when they have had enough, like dogs or foxes, they will hide what they cannot eat until another time. The food they like best consists of vegetables, yams, and the fruits which fall in autumn; they are also "heavy" on sugar cane, making them especial enemies of the planters who use every means to catch and destroy them. This is rapidly reducing their numbers, and although they are still very numerous in most places which are not settled and cultivated, yet their number cannot be compared to what it was long after the first colonists from Europe took possession of the West India Islands.

If you look at the picture you will at once see, that the hind legs of this creature are very much longer than the fore legs. This enables it to run and jump with considerable swiftness. It uses its fore paws in the same manner as a squirrel does, to convey the food to its mouth; see, one is just doing so in the picture, and he looks much more comfortable than the other one who is standing on all his four legs.

These creatures mostly live in holes near the roots of trees or other recesses which they find ready prepared, or

which they dig out themselves. In such places, or in holes in the trees themselves they delight to hide, for they are nearly defenceless, when attacked by stronger or swifter animals. Their flesh is white and tender, and when fat and well cooked, is said to be quite nice.

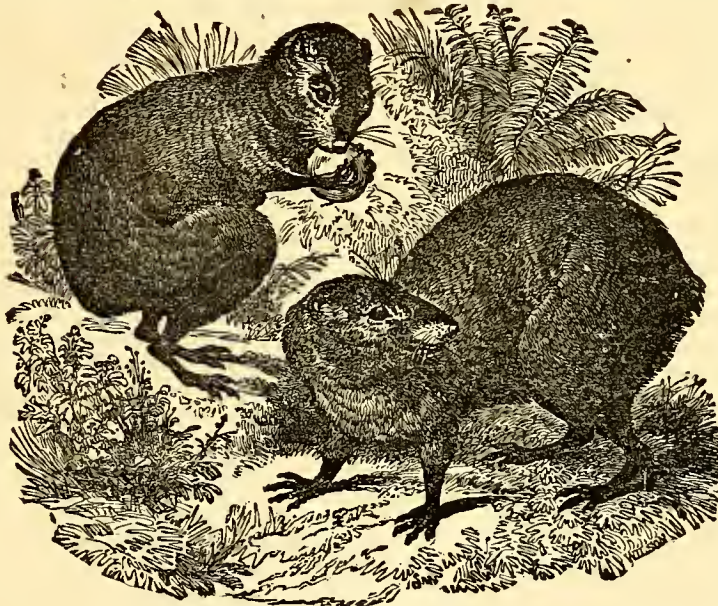
There are several animals that very much resemble the Agouti. There is the little Acouchi, considerably smaller than the Agouti. This little creature looks something like a mouse, with legs shaped like the Agouti. That is the fore legs are much shorter than the hind ones. It is of a deep olive color, and like the animals it so much

resembles, has only the rudiments of a tail. That is there is the commencement of a tail, but not enough to be seen. Its home is in the woods of Guiana, in South America. Its disposition is mild and gentle, and it is very timid. Its food consists of nuts, almonds and other vegetable substances. Altogether it is quite a little pet.

There is one kind of the Agouti that is considerably larger and more elegant than any of the others. It is called the Mara, or Patagonian Cavy, because it is found in Patagonia, which country you can

find on your maps in the extreme south of South America. This animal feeds and roams about by day, often wandering, with one or two companions, miles even leagues, away from its home. In this it differs from most other animals that burrow; as they generally stay near their holes. Its character is sly and watchful.

Then there is the Paca, another animal like the Agouti, but somewhat different in its habits and structure. But the shape of its head, legs and body is very much the same. It has also just the stump of a tail and no more. It lives in the woods of South America, generally near some body of water. Its home is in burrows, which it digs out. These are sometimes so near the surface of the





ground, that persons walking over them are apt to fall through. There are generally three openings to each of these burrows, which the Paca takes care to cover with dry leaves and branches. They not only are good at burrowing, but are first-rate swimmers, and though generally pretty fat and clumsy, they can run and jump with agility. You know how the long hind legs of the grasshoppers and locusts enable them to hop; so just on the same principle, the long, strong hind legs of this animal enable it to jump.

In size, the Paca is about two feet long from the tip of its nose to the stump of its tail, and about one foot in height. When all is quiet in its burrow, it is in the habit of sitting up on its hind legs and washing its head and whiskers with its two fore paws, wetting them with its tongue, just as a cat does. It is easily tamed, is very clean in its habits, and appears to be quite contented when kept in a cage. The way these creatures are caught is by stopping up two of the holes of their burrows (you remember we told you just now that each burrow has three openings) and then digging up the third. It often happens that on these occasions the Paca will make a determined resistance, and severely bite the hunter.

When we look around us and see the number of animals that we are acquainted with, or read of the many thousands we never see here, that dwell in other lands and climes, does it not surprise us that God should have created such a diversity, so many different kinds, nearly all of which, as the companions of man, as beasts of burden, as food, or as wool and hair producing animals, in some way or other are useful to men? These little creatures we have been writing about to-day, if good for nothing else, make excellent food for the natives of the countries in which they dwell. So with almost every other creature God has given us, if not of use to us in one way they are in some other. Many are useful both when living and dead. All were made for the benefit of man; all are gifts of his Heavenly Father. Then how cruel is the child, how ungrateful to God, who will abuse and illtreat any of these creatures, which afford us so many blessings, yet often require our care. To abuse our domestic animals, to wantonly neglect them, to treat them with cruelty, is a sin with which the Lord is angry, and none of us may expect much of His favor, who possesses these blessings and abuses them. The complaints of the injured horse, the abused ass, the illtreated ox, though not understood by us, will most surely reach the Throne on High. G. R.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

## Chemistry of Common Things.

### GOLD-AURUM.

(Continued.)

THERE are many modes of gilding, or of covering the surface of the inferior metals with gold. One simple method is that pursued by the wire gilder who prepares wire for making gold lace. He completely covers a wedge of silver with gold, making a difference in the quantity used, according to the richness of the lace to be made. This wedge is then drawn into wire, and as the wire increases in length, the gold diminishes in thickness. Still, so great is the divisibility of the gold particles that draw the silver wire into threads as fine as a hair, the rich

color of the gold still remains. It is almost impossible to prove the exact thickness of the gold when the wire is thus drawn out for lace making. To make this kind of wire cover more space, it is then passed through "flattening mills," by which means the thread becomes a ribbon of silver-gilt wire. The next artifice resorted to, is to spin the wire on silk thread to give it thickness. The silk used is dyed a rich yellow color, which heightens the effect, by imparting additional brilliancy to the lace when made. The manufacture of silk thread for lace is a business distinct from that of lace making, so is that of spinning on the gold covering. Epaulets, for officers of rank, lace for embroidering, for brocade and tassels, are not always made of silver-gilt thread, copper is gilt with a thin film of gold; this kind of thread is known as "tinsel." It is important to know the difference between the silver and copper lace. Those familiar with these matters can tell the difference by the color, also by the peculiar odor, for copper and gold smells very different to silver. The Jews are very ready to detect the difference by an ingenious method they hold the article on the tip of the finger and rub it on any hard substance, this removes the gold covering and exposes the metal beneath. Many of the boys caps sold here have lace on them that is worthless, it is tarnished as soon as worn; the copper is oxidized, and the lustre is gone. Large quantities of gold thread are made in the London factories for the East India markets, put up in skeins weighing a few ounces each, instead of putting it on reels, thereby saving the expense of freight. The amount expended in India for braiding purposes is enormous; the wealthy classes are frequently dressed in garments that are literally covered with gold. Articles of gold lace made in India command higher prices in London than those made there, not that the lace is better, it is frequently put together in a very loose manner, but there is an appearance about oriental manufactures that makes them sought after.

The divisibility of gold is really wonderful, a grain of that metal dissolved in aqua regia may be absorbed into the substance of a piece of cotton wool and then burnt. The black powder left after burning may then be rubbed over a surface of several square inches, which will completely cover it with gold. A grain of gold may be spread over the surface of a watch case, and then burnished, it will then so completely resemble the real metal that no one can detect the difference by the appearance. But in nothing is there so much deception as in jewelry. Gold can be alloyed with other metals to any extent, and yet resemble gold in color. This was discovered years ago. Hence, to prevent fraud, legislative enactments have been made, requiring certain marks to be put upon articles of gold and silver. But other metals are used, the public sale of worthless trash is common in every city. The "hall mark," as the stamp is called, is no criterion to rely on, it is really necessary to know who the vender is; if he is honest he will sell that which he professes to sell.

There is a certain standard for gold used for coin, and also for jewelry and plate. The terms used to designate the degree of fineness are the number of carats fine. That means, how many parts are fine gold in twenty-four carats. The term "carat" is an imaginary weight, if we were to say the proportional weight, it would convey the correct idea.

Thus, when we see the number 12, or 18, or 22, on a genuine "hall mark," it means that twelve parts out of twenty-four are fine gold; eighteen parts or twenty-two out of twenty-four. So that twelve carats fine is one half alloy, eighteen carats one quarter alloy, twenty-two is twenty-two parts out of twenty-four, or eleven out of twelve parts pure gold. In buying wedding rings this



is important to notice, and in any other valuable article, for in nothing is the buyer so much at the mercy of the seller as in buying jewelry.

"But it looks so good!" Looks must never be relied on alone, "all is not gold that glitters." There are ladies wearing tawdry rubbish that is worse than worthless; it is corroding in their ears or soiling their fingers; the "gems" are false like the metal they are set in. They were made to deceive the ignorant, and enrich the dishonest seller, or to gratify the morbid love of display that characterizes the vain and thoughtless.

And what is gold, that it should be so much sought after, and that even the appearance of possessing it should be so desirable? It is one of the elements that does far less to serve the true interests of man than any other. A particle of iron may oxidize and unite to other elements to join in the endless round of nature's busy operations; but gold does not aid in these to any extent. Still gold is sought after, and while it is so, it is well for us to know its sources, how it is obtained, and its uses.

BETH.

## MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

ON the Monday morning I returned to Lahaina and received a warm welcome from the brethren. They were much interested in the recital of the incidents of my trip. From that time, however, I stayed but little there. Much as I liked the society of the elders, I could not be content there, for I felt I ought to be among the natives, trying to teach them the principles of the gospel, and there seemed to be a better opening for this work in other places than at Lahaina. There being none of the elders on the Island of Oahu, it was decided that Elders Bigler and Farrer should go there instead of to the island of Molokai. When they sailed for that island, which they did in a few weeks, brother James Keeler was left alone with no one to converse with in English, unless he occasionally met a white man. This gave him a better opportunity of acquiring the language than he had when we were all there. After some weeks he also was led to leave there and to travel around the island until he found a people who were willing to receive him and the principles which he taught.

When the Presbyterian missionary at Wailuku saw that I had come back there he was displeased. He used all his influence against me among his congregation, and one Sunday he came out in public and delivered a most abusive discourse against the prophet Joseph and our principles, in which he gave an entirely false statement of the cause of his death, and also warned the people against me. I happened to be present when this sermon was delivered. While listening to it a variety of emotions agitated me. My first impulse was to jump on one of the seats as soon as he had got through, and tell the people he had told them a pack of falsehoods. But this I thought would produce confusion, and produce no good. When the services were over I walked around to the pulpit where he stood. He knew how short a time we had been on the islands, and, I believed, had no idea that I could understand what he had said; when he saw me, therefore, his face turned pale, and to me he looked like a man who had been caught in a mean, low act. I told him I wanted to give him correct information respecting the things he had told the people that morning, that he might remove the effect of the lies which he had repeated to them; for, I said, they were base lies, and I was a living witness that

they were. He said he did not believe they were lies, and he should not tell the people anything different to what he had said; he thought he had but done his duty, and if the people had been warned against Mahomet in his day, he would not have got so many disciples. I bore him a solemn testimony respecting the prophet Joseph and the truth of the work, and said that I would stand as a witness against him at the judgment seat of God, for having told that people lies and for refusing to tell them the truth when it had been shown to him. Much more was said, for our conversation lasted about half an hour, and while we conversed many of the congregation, some of whom understood English, crowded around.

This was the first occurrence of the kind in my experience in which I was personally prominent, and it had an importance in my eyes which it would scarcely have were it to happen to-day. One of those who listened to and understood this conversation was a brother-in-law of Napela's, a half-white and a circuit Judge and a leading man on that Island. He gave a report of the conversation which was very favorable to me, and altogether I think the missionary's sermon did good. He intended it for evil; but the Lord overruled it as he does all the plots and acts of the wicked for the advancement of his purposes. The Lord gave me favor in the sight of the natives, and I had their sympathy, though they dare not avow it for fear of the consequences. Another reason of the sermon not having so good an effect was the preacher's allusions to Napela. He had called him by name, as the man at whose house I stopped, and denounced him. This, of course, was distasteful to Napela's relatives and friends, many of whom were present. Thus this man who fought in this manner against the work of God, did not prosper as he expected neither then nor afterwards. The Lord has said in one of the revelations to His servants:

"Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, there is no weapon that is formed against you shall prosper; and if any man shall lift his voice against you, he shall be confounded in mine own due time."

I have found every word of this to be true.

Napela was not frightened by what the missionary had said. He was threatened with removal from his judgeship and with being cut off from their church; but he manifested no disposition to have me leave his house. The pressure, however, finally became so strong through the continued efforts of the preacher, that I thought it would be wiser for me to withdraw from Wailuku for awhile. I felt for Napela, for he had a heavy opposition to contend with, and I thought that if I went elsewhere, the persecution would not be so severe. There was a place called *Kula* (which means a country near the base of a mountain) where there were a few scattered villages, about eighteen miles from Wailuku, to which I was led to go. It was rather an out of the way place, though just before I went there a brisk trade in Irish potatoes, which grew spontaneously in that region, had been carried on; the people hauling them from there to a small port not far distant in carts. These potatoes were carried in schooners to California to supply the gold diggers. But they were of a poor quality, and when the farmers of California began to raise them the trade ceased. The business had begun to fall off when I went there. I stopped at the house of a man by the name of Pake, who had charge of Napela's affairs in the *Kula*, and to whom he had given me a letter of introduction when he found that I had determined to go there. He received me very kindly, also a man by the name of Maiola, whom I had met in Wailuku. He was a deacon in the Presbyterian Church.

(To be continued.)



# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**P**ARENTS among the ancient Hebrews held it as a rule for all parents to teach their children some branch of industry. Among them, labor was always honorable. No man was ashamed of his trade. We read in the Testament that Paul worked with his own hands for his support; he was a tent-maker. Yet Paul was a man of some position among the Jews before he joined the church and became a disciple of Jesus, and had received a good education. It is a great help to any boy to learn a trade, and especially so among the Latter-day Saints; for so many changes occur that one cannot tell to-day what he may be required to do to-morrow. Many boys and young men think it a very nice business to be clerks in stores; it is so genteel; the labor is not heavy, and they can dress so much better than if they worked out of doors; but, let such a one be called on a mission to Dixie, or to some other new settlement, where they do not want storekeepers, but hard working men, he then finds himself in difficulty. The boy who has learned to work at manual labor, and has a useful trade, feels quite at home in such a place. He is a valuable addition to the settlement, and can easily earn a good living. Heretofore, our Territory has been supplied with mechanics by the coming in of the emigration from the States and the countries of Europe; and but few men who have been brought up here have applied themselves to learn trades. But instead of depending entirely on the emigration for mechanics, would it not be much better for our boys and young men to strive to learn some branch of skilled labor? It would never be any injury to them, even if they did not wish to follow it when they grow up, and it might be of great value to them. Our Savior was a mechanic, and, without doubt, a good one, too. He did not think it beneath him to work at the carpenter's bench. We all know that the knowledge of mechanism, which President Young obtained in early life, has been of great value to him since he became the leader of the people. The boys who learn trades may not be able to dress so well, talk so glibly, or bow as gracefully as the boys who are clerks; but are they any less honorable or useful? We think not and, as you grow older, boys, you will find that our views are correct.

**T**HERE are two traditions that have been handed down to our times respecting the Aspen tree, or as it is called in this country, the Quaking Aspen. You have all, doubtless, noticed the leaves of this tree, how they quake or tremble, even when there is no wind. These traditions try to account for this movement of the leaves of this tree when the leaves of all the other trees are perfectly still. One of the traditions is to the effect that once when our Savior went through a wood all the trees bowed down and adored him, but the proud aspen would not acknowledge him as her Lord and Master; and so ever from that time she has trembled as with the prickings of

a guilty conscience, and so, says the tradition, must she ever continue to tremble.

Another tradition is, that the cross on which our Lord was crucified was made of the wood of the aspen, and ever since that time the leaves have not ceased to quiver, as if the tree were more in sympathy with the Lord than the cruel men who nailed him to the cross. An English poetess, Mrs. Hemans, alludes to this tradition in some lines which she composed:

"The cross, the blessed cross, whereon  
The meek Redeemer bowed his head to death  
Was framed of aspen wood; and since that hour,  
Through all its race, the pale tree hath sent down  
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,  
Making them tremulous when not a breeze  
Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes  
The light lines of the shining gossamer."

Another writer has also written poetry on the subject of this tradition. In making preparations for the crucifixion, the tradition says, men, armed with axes, went into the forest looking for a suitable tree of which to make the cross; they

"Passed by many a tree majestic—  
Cypress grove and olive wood—  
Till they came where in the thicket  
Fair and proud the aspen stood.

"This will serve: we choose the aspen,  
For its stem is strong and high,  
For the cross on which to-morrow  
Must a malefactor die."

"In the air did listening spirits  
Shrink those men to hear and see,  
And with awful voice they whisper,  
'Jesus 'tis of Galilee.'

"The aspen heard them, and she trembled—  
Trembled at that fearful sound—  
As they bowed her down, and dragged her  
Slowly from the forest ground.

"On the morrow stood she trembling  
At the awful weight she bore,  
When the sun in midnight blackness  
Darkened on Judea's shore.

"Still, when not a breeze is stirring,  
When the mist sleeps on the bill,  
And all other trees are moveless,  
Stands she ever trembling still."

The trembling of the leaves of the aspen is very remarkable. Aspen trees are very plentiful in this country, and you will doubtless often see them; whenever you do, you will probably remember these singular traditions, which profess to give the reason for the quaking of their leaves. It is for this purpose we relate them. Both of these traditions cannot be true, and it is very likely that neither of them are; for other traditions say that the cross on which our Savior died was made of other kinds of wood. But whatever the kind of wood of which the cross was made, makes but little difference. It was made; the Lord Jesus was cruelly crucified upon it; His precious blood was shed; the atonement was made, and mankind is redeemed, and will be resurrected from the dead.

## KINDNESS.

Wide is God's great world around us,  
Room enough for all to live;  
Nay no creature's brief enjoyment—  
Take not what you cannot give.

Ever let your heart be tender,  
For the mute and helpless plead:  
Pitying lead to prompt relieving,  
Kindly thought, to kindly deed.



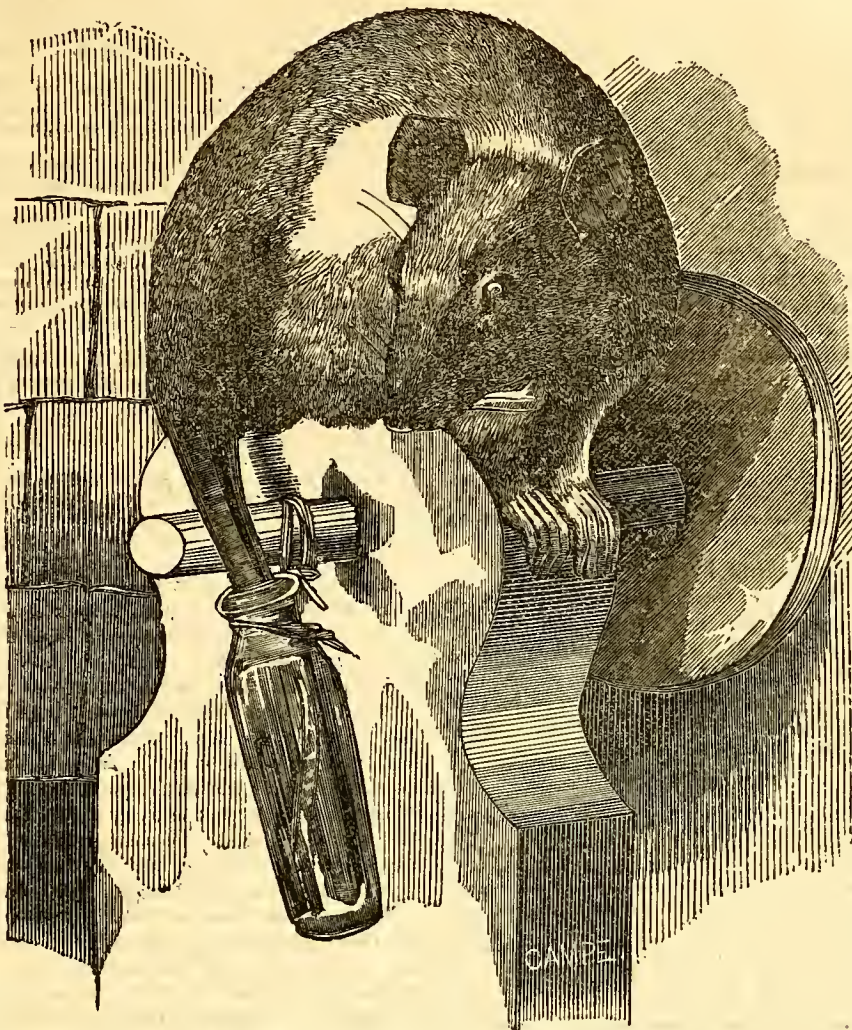
THE RAT.

OUR readers who were born and brought up in these mountains never saw an animal like that in the picture which we give them to-day. There are no such animals in this country. It is the rat, which in many countries is as numerous as mice are here. Whenever they are found they are great pests, as they are very destructive. In countries where the Sugar-cane grows they are sometimes so numerous, that they come down in large bodies, and either entirely destroy or do an immense amount of damage to the crops. In such countries the planters keep Terrier dogs, which are great enemies to rats, and will kill them with great ease.

In some countries places are built which are called rat-pits. This is a circular enclosure so built that rats can be turned in without any possibility of escaping. Into this rats which have been caught in cages are let loose and a terrier is put in with them for the purpose of testing his powers at killing them. The spectators sit and stand around to watch the proceedings. There is a low and brutal class of people who think this great sport, and they make bets on their favorite dogs. The dog, of course, that kills the greatest number of rats, in the shortest time

being considered the best dog. Men must be very cruel who can call such proceedings sport, and take any pleasure therein. The rat is a disagreeable animal, but it is not right to torture him in this manner. The picture which we give here, will illustrate the cunning and sagacity of the rat.

They are very cunning creatures and a great many anecdotes are told of their sagacity. You know that where machinery is run it cannot be kept in order and run smoothly without oil. This oil is usually kept in a bottle and is hung near the machinery to be oiled. On one occasion some work men had a bottle hung in this manner in a shop. They noticed that the oil disappeared very rapidly through the night. They could not account for it. They thought it must be by rats, as they are very fond of oil; but they could not conceive how they could get it out of the bottle, as the neck was quite small. They were puzzled, and, to satisfy themselves they determined to



watch. They saw a big, old rat climb to the place where the bottle hung, but instead of trying to put his nose in the bottle, he inserted his tail, which he contrived to lick and then put it back again until he had got all the oil he wanted.

THE SISTER.

NO household is complete without a sister. She gives the finish to the family. A sister's love, a sister's influence! what can be more hallowed? A sister's watchful care! can anything be more tender? A sister's kindness? does the world show us anything more pure? Who would live without a sister? A sister that is a sister in fidelity, in purity, in love, is a sort of guardian in the home circle. Her presence condemns vice. She is the quickener of good resolutions, the sunshine in the pathway of home. To every brother she is a light and life. Her heart is his treasure-house of confidence. In her he finds a fast friend, a charitable, forgiving, tender, though often a severe friend. In her he finds a ready companion. Her sympathy is open as day, and sweet as the fragrance

of flowers. We pity the brother who has no sister—no sister's love. We feel sorry for a home that is not enlivened by a sister's presence. A sister's office is a noble and gentle one. It is her's to persuade to virtue and to win to wisdom's ways, gently to lead where duty calls. To guard the citadel of home with the sleepless vigilance of virtue. To be a sister is to hold a sweet place in the heart of home. It is to minister in a holy place. Let every sister meditate on what she is, and what she ought to be; on her office, her duty, her pleasure, her life. It is her's to be a model and set an example of innocence, virtue, cheerfulness, patience and forbearance; to be the smile and light of home and the circle of loved ones.—*Selected.*



## Biography.

### JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

**A**FTER this conversation Brother Wheelock prepared to visit the prison. The morning was a little rainy and he wore an overcoat, in the side pocket of which he carried a six-shooting pistol, one of the kind now known as the pepper-box. He passed the guard unmolested, and while in the prison, he slipped the revolver into Joseph's pocket. Joseph examined it, and asked him if he had not better retain it for his own protection. This was a providential circumstance, as most other persons had been closely searched. Joseph had a single-barreled pistol which Brother John S. Fullmer had given him; this he handed to his brother Hyrum, and said.

"You may have use for this," Brother Hyrum observed, "I hate to use such things, or to see them used." "So do I," said Joseph, "but we may have to, to defend ourselves;" upon this Hyrum took the pistol.

Joseph wrote an encouraging letter to his wife, which he sent by Brother Wheelock; he also intrusted him with a verbal request to the commander of the Legion to avoid all military display and everything that would be likely to produce excitement while the Governor was at Nauvoo. He was specially charged to use all the influence he possessed to have the brethren and friends of Joseph remain perfectly calm and quiet, if they respected the well being of their prophet and patriarch. In speaking upon this Joseph said:

"Our lives have already become jeopardized by revealing the wicked and bloodthirsty purposes of our enemies; and for the future we must cease to do so. All we have said about them is truth, but it is not always wise to relate all the truth. Even Jesus, the Son of God, had to refrain from doing so, and to restrain his feelings many times for the safety of himself and followers, and had to conceal the righteous purposes of his heart in relation to many things pertaining to his Father's kingdom. When quite a boy he had all the intelligence necessary to enable him to rule and govern the kingdom of the Jews, and could reason with the wisest and most profound doctors of law and divinity, and make their theories and practice to appear like folly compared with the wisdom he possessed; but he was a boy only, and lacked physical strength even to defend his own person, and was subject to cold, to hunger, and to death. So it is with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; we have the revelations of Jesus, and the knowledge within us is sufficient to organize a righteous government upon the earth, and to give universal peace to all mankind, if they would receive it; but we lack the physical strength, as did our Savior when a child, to defend our principles, and we have of necessity to be afflicted, persecuted, and smitten, and to bear it patiently until *Jacob is of age*; then he will take care of himself."

The prisoners sent several messages by Brother Wheelock to their families. They were so numerous that Dr. Richards proposed writing them all down, fearing that they might be forgotten; but Hyrum fastened his eyes upon him, and with a look of penetration, said.

"Brother Wheelock will remember all we tell him, and will never forget the occurrences of this day."

He also took the list of witnesses' names that were wanted for the expected trial on Saturday.

During the day Joseph related a dream which he had had the night previous. We give it as we find it recorded in his history:

"I was back in Kirkland, Ohio, and thought I would take a walk out by myself, and view my old farm, which I found grown up with weeds and brambles, and altogether bearing evidence of neglect and want of culture. I went into the barn, which I found without floor or doors, with the weatherboarding off, and was altogether in keeping with the farm.

"While I viewed the desolation around me, and was contemplating how it might be recovered from the curse upon it, there came rushing into the barn a company of furious men who commenced to pick a quarrel with me.

"The leader of the party ordered me to leave the barn and the farm, stating it was none of mine, that I must give up all hope of ever possessing it.

"I told him the farm was given me by the Church, and although I had not had any use of it for some time back, still I had not sold it, and according to righteous principles it belonged to me or the Church.

"He then grew furious, and began to rail upon me and threaten me, and said it never did belong to me nor the Church.

"I then told him that I did not think it worth contending about, that I had no desire to live upon it in its present state, and if he thought he had a better right I would not quarrel with him about it but leave; but my assurance that I would not trouble him at present did not seem to satisfy him, as he seemed determined to quarrel with me, and threatened me with the destruction of my body.

"While he was thus engaged pouring out his bitter words upon me, a rabble rushed in and nearly filled the barn, drew out their knives, and began to quarrel among themselves for the premises, and for a moment forgot me, at which time I took the opportunity to walk out of the barn about up to my ankles in mud.

"When I was a little distance from the barn I heard them screeching and screaming in a very distressed manner, as it appeared they had engaged in a general fight with their knives. While they were thus engaged the dream or vision ended."

It seems impossible that Governor Ford could have been ignorant of the design to kill Joseph and Hyrum. As we have shown, he was told repeatedly that their lives had been threatened; that plots had been formed to destroy them, but he was determined not to believe anything of the kind; at least, if he did believe it, he pretended that he did not. After carefully examining all the evidence, it appears very clear that he must have been acquainted with the entire plot, for all his actions were so arranged as to favor the carrying of it out. Among others who warned him of the conspiracy which was on foot to take the lives of Joseph and Hyrum, was John P. Greene, the City Marshal of Nauvoo. He learned that it was the Governor's intention to visit Nauvoo, and to leave only the Carthage Greys to guard the jail, when advantage was to be taken of his absence, and the mob was to murder Joseph and Hyrum. When he told this to Ford, he replied: "Marshal Greene, you are too enthusiastic."

(To be continued.)

## THE ARCTIC FORLORN HOPE.

From "TRIUMPHS OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY,"—

Published by T. Nelson & Sons, London.

**O**F all the great enterprises of the world, none have been so enthusiastically taken up, so ably and resolutely prosecuted, and so tardily accomplished, as the discovery of the "North-west Passage." For more than three centuries successive generations of brave and skilful navigators have given themselves to the work. To the grand old seamen of Elizabeth's reign, it was "the one thing left undone whereby a great mind might become notable;" and Martin Frobisher, and many another stout hearted navigator set forth to exhaust the last source of human distinction, by clearing a passage to Cathay through the dark Arctic seas. From the earliest researches of John Cabot at the end of the fifteenth century, to the present



time, there have been about 130 expeditions, illustrated by 250 books and printed documents, of which no fewer than 150 have been issued in England. But the grim Jotuns of the Pole kept jealous guard over the mystery of their land, and with awful battery of crashing icebergs waged battle to the death with all invaders. The labors of two generations of seamen and travellers, the sacrifice of a hundred lives, were required to pierce within the veil, and when at length the secret was won the victor perished in the hour of triumph. Twenty-two years ago the North-west Passage—in the interval worked out in a different way by M'Clure—was discovered by Sir John Franklin; but it was only in the autumn of 1859 that the news reached England.

From the discoveries of M'Clintock and Hobson, we can now follow the track of Franklin and his companions as they hastened to their doom. In the spring of 1845 the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with a gallant company of a hundred and thirty-four men, left the shores of England for the far north. "I wish I could convey to you," says the last letter of one of the officers, written as the ships were passing into the fatal seas, "a just idea of the immense stock of good feeling, good humor, and real kindness of heart in our small mess. We are very happy." The first part of their voyage was successful beyond all precedent. In two seasons they had sailed over five hundred miles of previously unexplored waters, and had discovered the North-west Passage. The spring of 1847 found them locked up in the ice stream off Cape Felix, but they were only ninety miles from the known sea off the coast of America. Franklin was then alive, and all was well. But ere the summer came their leader was no more. The ice still kept relentless hold on them, and they went slowly drifting with it. At times it hardly seemed to move at all; in nineteen months they had barely traversed eighteen miles. They were only provisioned up to July, 1848. Every day their stores grew less, their strength diminished, their spirits sank. Want and scurvy thinned their ranks. By April, 1848, nine officers and fifteen men had died, and Crozier and his starving band of a hundred and four had left the ships, and were struggling on towards the Hudson's Bay Territory up the Great Fish River. Their sledges and boats were ponderous and unwieldy, their provisions could not last for more than forty days, and their strength may be inferred from the fact, that during the first three days, when fresh to the work, they made only five miles a day. As an old Esquimaux woman said, they dropped as they walked, and the few that lived to get the length of Montreal Island must have perished there. "Looking," says Sir Roderick Murchison, "to the fact that little or no fresh food could have been obtained by the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* during their long imprisonment of twenty months, in so frightfully sterile a region as that in which the ships were abandoned—so sterile, that it is even deserted by the Esquimaux—and also to the want of sustenance in the spring, at the mouth of the Back River, all the Arctic naval authorities with whom I have conversed, coincide with M'Clintock and his associates in the belief that none of the missing navigators can be now living."

In England, meanwhile, the disappearance of Sir John Franklin and his crews in the Arctic night, gave rise to enterprises of nobler heroism than the mere advancement of geographical discovery, in the search for the missing ships. Some twenty vessels and more than a thousand men were at sundry times engaged in the search, which commanded the sympathy of England, America and France.

Lady Franklin, with a devotion and perseverance which no disappointments could damp, has spent her life

and fortune in the endeavor to clear up the mystery of the frozen zone. She has maintained a voluminous correspondence on the subject with every part of the globe, consulted with all the most eminent authorities on Arctic explorations, pressed the British government into action, and spared neither labor nor outlay to promote the great object which she has at heart. At length Dr. Rae brought home word, got at second hand from the Esquimaux, of a body of white men having been seen, sick and worn, toiling through the snow towards the Great Fish River, and of a number of skeletons having been found in the track they followed. Franklin and his crews were then gazetted as lost. Lady Franklin however, was not satisfied. There was still a chance that some of them were alive, and that another expedition might reveal—

"How Franklin's ploughing bark's wedge on  
Through splintering fields, with battered shares,  
Lit only by the spectral dawn,  
The mask that mocking darkness wears—  
Or how o'er embers black and few,  
The last of shivered masts and spars,  
He sits amid the frozen crew  
In council with the norland stars."

She had already sent out three expeditions, and finding the government unwilling to resume the search, she devoted the remainder of her fortune—some £10,000—to fitting out the *Fox* and despatching the expedition, which, under the command of Captain M'Clintock, proved so successful.

There was not wanting abundance of eager volunteers to join in the enterprise, perilous as it was. Offers of assistance poured in from every side; and many who had never been to sea in their lives, now came forward, ready to brave all the hardships and dangers of an Arctic voyage. Captain Allen Young, one of the best officers in the merchant service, though just home, sick and worn, from the Black Sea, where he had been indefatigably engaged during the greater part of the Crimean War, not only joined the expedition as sailing master, but subscribed £500 towards its expenses. And many other instances might be recorded of generous sympathy for Lady Franklin and the enterprise she had undertaken. At length the little steam yacht *Fox* was fitted up to meet the exigencies of an Arctic voyage, manned and officered by twenty-five gallant and experienced volunteers, and ready for sea.

## HOW A FISH SWIMS.

IT has been ascertained that the successive or simultaneous removal of the dorsal, pectoral, and ventral fins only renders the fish's position unsteady; but he could swim as well as before. But if the end of the caudal tail fin be snipped off, its speed is diminished; if the entire fin is removed, it moves still slower, and with evident exertion, but bravely keeps it up until the tail itself has been cut off; then at last the poor victim to science succumbs, rolls over and over like a log upon the water, gasps convulsively, makes a few desperate but ineffectual struggles with its abbreviated tail—and dies.

We have learned that a fish cannot swim without its tail. Let us now inquire how it swims with it. Very much as you scull a boat with an oar; but with the difference that in this case the oar is a part of the boat, and is flexible both in its length and in its height.

Let us suppose our fish floating at rest in the water. Its tail is extended straight behind the body; suddenly it is bent to one side; this of course turns the head toward the same side, and perhaps carries the fish a little back-



ward; but now comes a more forcible backward stroke of the tail, which turns the head the other way and propels the fish forward. Then, having reached the middle line, it is gently bent to the other side, and again forcibly extended. The result of these alternate movements of the tail in opposite directions, is, as in the seulling of a boat, to propel the fish forward, not in a straight but zigzag direction. But the successive movements are so rapid that we notice only the resultant forward motion, which is in some species, as the salmon, at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, and so powerful that the sword-fish has been known to thrust his sword through copper sheathing, a layer of felt, four inches of deal, and fourteen inches of oak.

There are some tails, such as those of the sharks and of the sea-snakes, which are long and narrow, and stiff from edge to edge; and these are "feathered," like an oar.

### 'NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.'

THERE is much in the *manner* in which religious exercises are conducted in a family. The worship is none the less solemn because familiar. All the surroundings should therefore be in keeping with the hour when the family comes into the presence of the Great God. Let father and mother sit side by side, let the children not be scattered in lounging attitudes round the room and at a distance, but placed near enough to each other to make a group, so that the unity of the worship shall appear as well as exist.

Parents are not as careful as they ought to be of these outward things in a child's education. The little one is taught to "say his prayers"—but how? Perhaps with noise of conversation or play about him, he kneels after he has clambered on his bed, and rattles over the set of words while he gazes round the room, ready with the "Amen" to burst into a laugh with those that laugh around. It is not at all wonderful that he grows to consider the whole affair as very useless and unmeaning.

Give your children different thoughts. You are doing what the disciples asked the Lord to do when they said, "Teach us to pray." You are teaching your child to pray. At this hour of his childish prayer your boy comes in communion with the Most High, and you should breathe softly, while angels listen. They see a deeper meaning in the act than you can recognize. The infant petition has in it what may touch your heart if you will think:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Who can keep his soul but God? What a possibility is in that little word "if," a possibility which darts a thrill of anguish through your breast! Into what arms could his soul nestle if not Christ's, if it should go forth from that fair body to-night? Will you not, then, hush the room, and have father and children stand silently by, as with elated hands and bowed head your child kneels reverently at your knee and solemnly lips that prayer? Perhaps your face will rest upon his head while your full heart joins in the petition.—*Aikman's Life at Home.*

"WHAT is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a school exhibition. "The chief use of bread?" answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the enquiry. "Why, to spread butter and molasses on."

## Selected Poetry.

### DAISIES.

All the little children know  
That the daisies are their own:  
Why should daisies ever grow  
That to children are unknown!  
Oh, how sorry they must be,  
Living without purpose thus:  
Daisies that no children see,  
Oh, how you must long for us!

Running through the pleasant grass,  
When the summer scents are sweet,  
Touching daisies as we pass  
With our happy little feet.  
Some may grow upon the brink,  
Some in hidden crevice fit;  
Let no daisy-blossom think  
That we have neglected it.

We must be so kind and wise  
To these daisies of our own,  
Giving sensible replies  
When they make their wishes known.  
Buttercups belong to all,  
So do other pretty flowers,  
But the daisies are so small  
That they can be only ours.

### LITTLE THINGS.

All the wonder in the skies  
Careless glances cannot pass,  
But how blind are many eyes  
To the wonder in the grass!  
Ev'ry tiny blade I see  
Is a miracle to me,  
And the fairy blossoms show  
More than I can ever know.

Oh, the joy that flowers give!  
Oh, the perfume on the air!  
Oh, the life that mosses live,  
Making earth so very fair!  
Lovely lights and colors gay,  
Tints and shadows—what are they?  
Grace that dies beneath a touch,  
Oh, how little, and how much!

Kiss them with delighted lips;  
Love them while your heart is true;  
Let no meaner joy eclipse  
That which they can bring to you!  
Sweet the pleasures they impart,  
Taken to a happy heart,  
And if future sorrows sting,  
Sweet the comfort may they bring!

## JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,  
EVERY OTHER SATURDAY.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....\$3 00.

Single Copy, for Six Months..... 1 50.

Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESKET NEWS BUILDINGS.